

CA Lēmendation of the aduertus viage of

the worthy Captain. M. Thomas Stutely Esquier and others,
towards the Land called Terra florid.



If fortunes force procure,
The valiant noble hart:
In trauail, pain & daungers great,
In warres to haue his part.

If losse of goods insue,
Through valiant enterprise:
Or for slaknes, or the foreshift,
Of diligent advise.
Yet of his worthy praise,
I can not speak tomiche:
Who ventreth bothe his goods and lfe,
His Contrey to enrich.

The worldly wise doo muse,
And also doo inbay:
At noble harts when that their welthys,
Doo fall unto decay.

As now of late I knew,
And saw the euidence:
Of one whose part it was to shew,
The like experience.

A noble hart in deed,
And worthy great renowne:
Whose fortune was not to remain,
In Cittie nor in Towne.

A yung Ene as bolde,
With hart and courage stout:
Whose enterprize was only pight,
Straunge things to bring about.

And though that all men seemd,
His doings to deride:
Yet this his fact he would not leue,
Nor thioue it so a side.

But stil he dooth procure,
With boldned hart and minde:
That thing whiche erst he had assayd,
By trauail now to finde.

Into a land vnknowne,
To win hym worthy fame:
As exequies and memory,
Of his molte noble name.

Whiche if it fall his lot,
With fortunes helping hand:
He may wel make a lawing stock,
Of them whiche him withstand.

Same ferme it Stolidia,
And Sordida it name:
And to be plain they doo it mock,
As at a foolishe game.

If reasons sence be cause,
Of this foreshoken talke:
Or sayned folly be the ground,
Why mennes tungs thus doo walke.

Then might it seem to me,
The frenches labour lost:
Their careful pain and trauaille,
That they therein haue tolst.

The cronicles also,
Whiche only seem as frew:
And writ by them that of that place,
Before did take the bew.

The spaniards eke doo shew,
And verity the same:
To be described as a thing,
Deseruing such a name.

The Portingales doo say,
The crownacles be iust:
And all that trauaild haue that coste:
The same confes it must.

If that in times before,
Through talkes men haue restraint:
Whiche for the loue of trauail sore,
Their harts haue long been paind.

Columbus as I red,
The shace of many peeres:
Was counted as vnwise also,
As in writers appeeres.

His ernest sute denied,
Yet in the finalle ende:
His wurdys & deeds did seem at length,
On reason to depend.

The like assay in hand,
He did at last procure:
Whose life and lucky viages,
Good fortune did assure.

At thend in sauety home,
At lenght he did return:
And quenched all their mocking harts
Whiche erst did seem to burn.

For fire of fire must needs,
Declare his burning heat:
Though for a time i smothering smoke
It seemes it self to beat.

So talk of tungs may not,
By smothering through be tame:
But bursting out at lenght wil turn,
Into a firy flame.

And then the malice gon,
The fire falles down:
And quenched quite as by this man,
Whiche was of great renowne.

Now Stuetley hoice thy sail,
Thy wylshed land to finde:
And never doo regard vain talke,
For wurdys they are but winde.

And in reprook of all,
I wil not once refrain:
With prayer for to wish that thou,
Maist safely come again.

And that sum frute at lenght,
By trauail thou maist finde:
With riches for to satisfy,
Thy manly modest minde.

Fins. & Robert Seall.

Imprinted at Londo at the long Shop

adioyning vnto Saint Mordens Churche in the Pultrie,
by John Alde.